FT
MEADE

PS 3513
.A756
T7
1923
Copy 2

The TRIUMPH AND OTHER POEMS

By
ABRAM DALE GASH

THE TRIUMPH
and OTHER POEMS

THE TRIUMPH

and OTHER POEMS

By

ABRAM DALE GASH

Author of "The False Star"

1923

PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR

Copy2

PS3513
A756T7
1923
Copy2

Copyright 1923
By
ABRAM DALE GASH

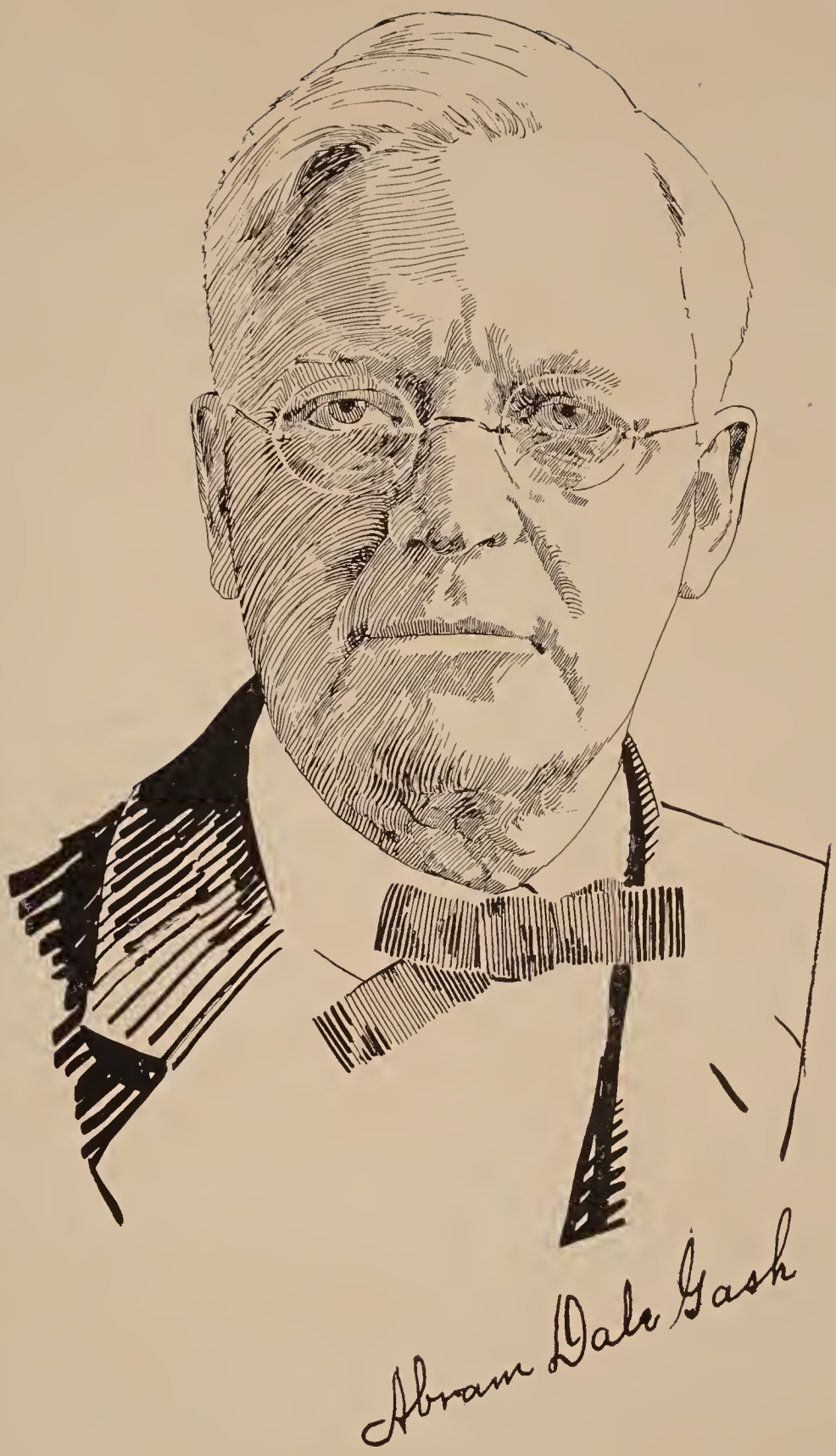
Additional copies of "The Triumph and Other Poems" may be ordered from the author, Abram Dale Gash, 118 North La Salle Street, Chicago, Illinois.

Price One Dollar per copy.

DEC 20 1923
©CLA771737

CONTENTS

The Triumph - - - - - - 9
Niagara - - - - - - - 43
Fond Memories - - - - - 45
The Patriot's Scythe - - - - 47
The Stream of Life - - - - - 51
The Duration of Love - - - - 53
The Children - - - - - - 54
Don't - - - - - - - - 56
An Auto Ride - - - - - - 57
Bringing Home the Cows - - - 59
Stung - - - - - - - 61
The End of the Lane - - - - 62
Columbia's Mission - - - - 63
Justice - - - - - - - 64
The Aviation Age - - - - - 69
Onward to Earth's Army - - - 70



Abram Dale Gash

Oh! let me heave an ocean of sweet peace
Into the clouds that they may rain a flood
Of essence that will cause mankind to cease
The awful curse of shedding human blood.

The Triumph

To the cause of humanity this poem is dedicated. *The Author*

Preface

The spread of knowledge came with printer's ink;
Since then wise thinkers read what others think;
Thus age on age adds to the growing scroll
That rectifies the blunders of the soul.
The fount of knowledge none can corner here
Nor can we usurp its clear atmosphere;
Each may partake of that delightful flood
That flows unceasing from Creation's God.
As small electrons make the drive wheels fly
By which great palaces rush swiftly by;
Or speeding automobiles spin along,
Without the fag of steed to stay the throng
When car on car sweep onward like the wind,
To serve the purpose of some happy end,
So Wisdom's forces striking thick and fast
Against wrong methods make the errors blast,
It lends the light to all that they may know
The world is better for each heavy blow.
With diffidence I enter that bright field
Where each must make his ideas his shield
Against the whims of every critic's ire—
The crucible whose purifying fire
Melts all the rubbish from the books we have
Determining the writings that may live.
If my poetic shield shall stand the test
I pray that mortals from it may be blest
This is the only pay my heart can ask
For undertaking the inviting task.

The Author.

Book I.

Of Peace and her transcendent, happy state
O let me sing! Alas! the world of late
Seems quite dethroned of her benignant charm
As nations vie to do each other harm!
Our countries are frail creatures firmly bound
To aid each other where they may be found;
The greatest boon for each all wisdom knows
Is bringing war to an unending close;
This triumph for the human race is found
When all states on the earth will so be bound.
Sweet as the rose that blushes on the lawn,
Bright as the first rays that awake the dawn,
Is that fond hope that war will come to end
When every state to every state is friend.

The monster Mars attracts the race of man
And moulds its members to his heartless plan!
Search out O Muse! wherein the trouble lies
And make it plain as stars that deck the skies
That men of acumen may understand
The means to bind the monster foot and hand!
Soar to the top of Heaven's lofty dome
And rake the bottom of old Satan's home
To learn the naked truth and learning know
The means to bring to end this gruesome woe.

The globe sails over her extensive bounds
Bestowing products from her fertile grounds
Yet on the sphere some rulers seem to find
Sweet solace in destroying human kind.

Life is the purpose of earth's fruitful soil;
Joy is the object of her constant toil;
Her weighty mass whirls through the vast inane
With lofty heights where mortals may attain
The heart's desire along the avenue
That glorifies the whole celestial view
Where stars and satellites long since have run
To blaze the way for her resplendent sun;
Unfading beauties shine where angels stood
While yet they animated human blood;
A stern dependence is the lot of all
Who gather Heaven's favors as they fall;
Their constant needs forever are awake
Till Death's cold majesty shall overtake

The multitudes who rush along the line
Where danger raises her pernicious sign.

As Peace for mortals was for pleasure born
So Strife came forth to make mankind forlorn;
Thus man encumbered by a fiendish spell
Seeks to eradicate this curse of Hell
That he may dwell on an exalted plane
And with the angels chant the glad refrain
That tones the air for every orb that flies
Throughout the regions of the spacious skies.

For parley met the three on life's green field—
Peace robed in love, Strife wore Hate's garb and shield,
Man's form was groomed one half in misery
The other clad in bright felicity;
Low hung his head till Peace and Strife had spoke
Then on the air his oratory broke
In eloquence to make the nations sing
When wiser councils better methods bring.

Addressing Strife, Peace brightened as she smiled
Like some fond mother speaking to her child;
Bold Strife came forth as if he owned the throne
Where wrong must quail and sinners must atone.

"Why do you wear that raiment?" asks the Queen,
As Strife came blustering upon the scene:

"Pray join my ranks; discard that coat of mail
Relieve the world of Lucifer's entail;
You need no shield to bask in my delight
Nor will you ever have a cause to fight;
My diplomats are Honor, Truth and Love;
I represent the throne of God above."

"Ah! gentle spirit (Strife sighs in reply)
If I should cease to fight I'd surely die!
War is my business! Death shall always be
The state that follows quickly my decree!
I dip my quill in seas of human blood
Then write the scroll of those who spill the flood!
The streams of gore that run the rushing wheels
Of huge war engines justify my deals.
I like vituperation! Feast on hate!
To draw and quarter men makes me elate!
Destruction is my purpose in each deed!
Damnation forms the bulwark of my creed!
Some scamps possess my vicious, vaunting traits
Who rule the destinies of earthly states;

I urge them on till in the jaws of woe
Your charming hosts are forced to fight or go!
I garner then the harvest I have sown
When clash of arms make all creation groan.
Christ's lofty teachings would my cause most hurt,
If mortals would not to my wiles advert.
Some alleged Christians take me by the arm
To do his righteous cause undying harm;
I tempt them into doing my fierce will
Since 'Peace on Earth' would my vocation kill.
When such imps guide the destinies of church
I on their shoulders, in my glory perch.
I train the sluttish of the underworld
To keep their gaudy banners all unfurled;
I snare the foolish as they rush along
Beneath the ogle of my servile throng.
The anarchistic gales I start to blow
Because the anarchists all please me so;
While sticks and stones and cans and bottles fly
I make their yelling sounds vibrate the sky;
I teach deception for deception's sake;
I cultivate the favor of the rake;
A fiend to me is just the kind of friend
To serve the purpose of my hellish end.
Don't harp to me about your 'Dove,' O Peace!
I much prefer the favor of the geese
Who guzzle, gobble, gabble all the while,
While anxious their own loved ones to revile!
Some whine or whimper from the lack of health
Who oft have followed me in quest of wealth.
I fire the eyes, the cheeks, the gaudy nose;
I amble in the path where murder goes!
Most pleased am I with sprites like Beelsebub;
I hate the prudish, as I good men dub.
I ravish virtue in her sacred shrine,
Because fool weaklings say she is divine!
Fi, fi, for shame on virtue as a theme,
It is a silly iridescent dream
Made for old maids and bachelors to dwell
Upon; such sterile creatures cannot tell
Of the divorce mills that I bring to bear
On wedded flirts who cultivate despair!
Old Sakawauwin wedded for a day
To prove how I such giddy people sway.
For Menelaus, when Paris steals his joy,

The Greeks and Trojans fought the siege of Troy;
Fair Helen views the scenes with beaming eyes
As though her lack of virtue she denies;
My sweetest memories begin to play
When I review that classic tragedy
Where gods and goddesses with mortals vied
To perform acts that yield me greatest pride;
I kept Narcissus gazing in the brook,
At his own shadow, till his life he took;
Because he could not kiss the dainty thing
A tomb he finds deep in the purling spring;
All monuments erected to his life
Show how he longs the phantom as his wife.
Had I a spirit maid as vile as I
I'd marry her and populate the sky,
With devils that would wreck the universe
Thus all its mighty engines I'd reverse;
Yet I believe that single cussedness
Is better far than wedded blessedness.
I laugh at crime! invite the foulest shame—
Since shame blends perfect with my ruthless name,
I am the opposite to your kind hand;
I rule the roost in every cuckoo land;
A cuckoo is an echo at the feet
Of those who keep the doors to my retreat
Where gold is worshipped as life's dearest thing,
For gold my warbling songsters gladly sing."
"You sweep the globe with an unhindered sway;
Do you expect to always have your way?
The great millennium will stop your play."
She sweetly said. "I've ever had my say
In Man's affairs! I exclude Heaven's cheer
From everything affecting beings here!
Nor do I fear the fanning of your wings
Can cool the heat of my vindictive springs.
In every field of action I am there,
To spread the havoc of Death's dark despair!
When war clouds rise I send my diplomats
To scream around the world like squalling cats
When fur is flying from their smarting backs
Where claws have left the imprint of my tracks.
Millennium? Ha! how you make me laugh!
These earthly fools can ne'er reach that by half!
Before that day I'll make Man's clotted gore
Rise like huge mountains on some rock bound shore.

I'll send hot blazes through my bugle horn
To rouse the imps who make the world forlorn.
A riot with its tumult and its gore
Gives me a taste that calls for more and more,
Of that red liquid that flows through the veins
Of those who let excitement heat their brains;
Like some wine bibber who cannot refrain
From long imbibing till his feeble brain
Is tossed upon the waves of that bleak shore
Where he lamenting wails: 'some more! some more!'
So with my yearning, O abiding Peace!
My craving for more blood can never cease!
When Man's great war fleets clash upon the seas
They'll make Hell's fire seem like a chilly breeze
Beside the bursting shells and cannon's roar
That will distract the seas from shore to shore.
Man's airships and his subtle submarines
Shall multiply the havoc of the scenes.
Vile noxious gasses from the hand grenade
Will hurl vast numbers to the realms of shade.
Infernal blasts with their terrific sights
In sheets of fire shall glad my wild delights.
I'll hamstring Europe! gut the Dardanelles!
I'll make all nations have their raving spells!
Two thousand miles their armies shall then be
Stretched o'er the lands while navies split the sea;
As fights above and fights beneath the wave
Detone the hellishness of morbid crave.
Ten million men the armies shall embrace
To crown the viciousness of war's disgrace.
Man's heart shall bleed because I will it so;
His hapless hordes shall drink the dregs of woe;
The mollycoddles of his race will be
The drones who dare not cast their lots with me
Or ministers who preach from day to day
About some solace in the far away;
Such dullards I will hang up by the heels
To let them know how harsh damnation feels."
Observes the scion of unceasing hate.
The maid replies: "Oh sir! be more sedate.
Let me admonish you for Heaven's love
To act so gentle that I can approve.
I live on love! forgiveness is my pride!
With Wisdom's methods I am here allied.
I sow the seed of unremitting love;

They are transported from the throne above
By spirits who surround the mighty globe
To clothe it with a sympathetic robe;
Its saving graces find a lodgment when
Such fond desires inspire exalted men.
This virtue is the glory of delight;
Its vivid stars illume the darkest night;
Because of it God's angels are as sweet
As any babe that earthly eyes doth greet;
When in its bliss an ardent creature stands
He holds the urn of gladness in his hands,
Love fills this urn to its exalted brim
In its soft overflow true lovers swim;
In it good mothers bathe their young offspring,
While caring for them tenderly they sing
The lullaby that soothes the infant line
Till all affirm such mothers are divine.
"The love in man is of surpassing worth!
It curbs the rant and venom of the earth!
Like sunlight streaming from the azure sky
Love's yield is shown in every joyous eye,
Love builds all homes where happy children play
Where tenderness and mercy have their way,
Church spires arise whence in the matin dawn
Clear chiming bells ring on and on and on
Till men and angels join in one vast throng
To help the universal cause along;
When its saints quit the vital atmosphere
Their spirits find a state of endless cheer.
In the celestial garden spirits find
A state that satisfies the longing mind.
"Like Rosebud standing in the falling snow
Beams on his mate and sighs: 'I love you so!
But must I lose you in this fluffy tide
Then stand its torrent without my fair bride?'
She lifts her eyes, her lips becoming pale,
Her life goes out as all her senses fail!
He bows his head! his tears freeze in the snow!
He holds her hand till he is forced to go!
Their spirits saunter hence yet hand in hand
Until at last they reach the promised land
Where they abide forever as they sing
Their young to life with every budding spring.
"In this broad universe is ample room
For love to overcome all passing gloom,

Low in the tomb flesh tenements must lie
While far away their airy spirits fly
In search of that clear fount of living love
Before the mercy seat of God above.

"Hate leads its victims o'er life's harshest path!
Hate stirs the venom of inhuman wrath!
Hate makes the bravest shy of their own kind!
Hate locks the movement of the yielding mind!
When men permit hate's tattlers to begin
Their prating tongues have spinning yarns to spin
Such as the foolish drone when they forget
And tell outlandish tales to their regret,
Like gossipers who spread the lies they hear
About some victim's dubious career
Till she is driven to the depths of woe
And takes her life with a pathetic blow.
The tongue may stain or keep the conscience clean!
Wrong stories always clutter up the scene!
Some characters immortal eyes have seen
Upon the weakest staff too often lean.
A slanderer speaks in a suppressed tone
That his sad victims may the louder groan!
In praise of mortals the high minded sing
As cheerful as the tones that tinkling ring
To cheer the soft vibrations that surround
The continents that mighty oceans bound.
Destroy your bloody weapons, let us give
To men exceeding joy that they may live
On this fair globe where they must join at last
To make your harshness sleep long in the past.
In every land where gore has dyed the ground
And battles rang with Hell's terrific sound
Your voice was heard; while mine was kept afar
You hissed the dogs of unrelenting war!
With flaming gasses and obnoxious fumes
Inferno's darkest methods Man assumes!
These deeds that wring the hearts of men must be
Sunk in the changeless, elemental sea
That moves along with such vivacious grace
That none can rave who feel its soft embrace;
Sweet comfort comes to those who heed the will
Of Him who while men sleep is reigning still."

"What think you maid would be my aimless task
Should I seek in your soothing smiles to bask?

You seem to think the summer breeze should be
The element controlling you and me.
That flower gardens and song birds should charm
My wild delights from plotting mortals harm,
This dunce bewildered by our parley here
Would lose the trait his numbskulls hold most dear.
Illume his soul then I will try to be
As calm as any cut-throat you will see.
Before I die I'll scuttle every ship
That I can by dark means get on the hip!
Some Kings, like me, think filching piracy
Comports with their sedate sobriety;
I think so too thus by my abstract force
I drive them into war's destructive course.
All progress springs from anger's fretful state!
Ambition is the pride of lofty hate!
Great courage springs at Fury's quick command;
It serves the aim of a destructive hand.
I rattle every brain that I can stir!
I deprive mortals of immortal cheer!
The imps who kill all reach my flaming goal—
A goal prepared to sear the human soul.
Hark back to Mountain Meadow guided by
A saintly crew who claimed the earth and sky,
They massacre six score and ten and two
As harmless emigrants as ever grew;
Think you I had no part in that harsh play?
I act my part wherever beings slay!
On St. Bartholemew's unhallowed eve,
The holy men kill as my hands receive
The blood of thousands in my dripping pan
Made for my use by Satan's artful clan.
Next heed the wails of fair Joan of Arc
When her own church-men ply the fiery spark
That starts the blaze beneath her graceful form,
She they consume to keep my courage warm;
And many other scenes I could relate
Of alleged Christians aping Satan's hate.
O, I'm a saint beside some priest-hoods, maid!
I tell just what I am—I'm unafraid;
I tear the mask from my destructive face
And do the same with people's time and place.
The night shades cannot cover up my dreams
I always turn dreams into bloody streams.
At Herrin and a million other frays

I passed the torch that lit each angry blaze.
Old human nature often bubbles o'er
By saints and sinners on this mundane shore;
Whoever aids me in my chosen vein
I make torch bearers in my noisy fane.
"One thing I have been loath to speak about;
Lest you believe my eloquence aspout;
When Satan and his vast rebellious horde
Against Jehovah drew the flaming sword
I urged, with might, the whole infernal crew
To wreck high heaven and then banish you;
But when the fight had grown to such a fright,
To God's high throne vile Satan claimed the right,
The Supreme being waved his august hand
And swept his opposition from his land.
Down to the fiery gulf base Satan fell
With all his imps to the most dismal cell,
With sulphur flames that ever shall remain
To torture those becoming so profane.
For ages, even Satan scarce survives
The direful shock that left him just alive;
Then I revived him with fair Eden's light
Where mortals became subject to his blight;
I urged him on to seek their souls to win
By leading them into the paths of sin;
'It will annoy the ever-living God
More than your having plied the flaming sword'.
I screamed these words with all my might and main
Then shook him as I shouted them again.
When up he rose and quick to Eden flew
Resolved the favored race he would pursue;
A serpent's form he there assumes, indeed
With Adam's mate he straightway makes great speed;
He takes the lovely creature unawares
She eats the fruit then to her spouse declares
"It is the best our orchard ever bore!"
He eats, when their eyes ope as ne'er before;
The Lord regrets the thing that had been done
Denounces Satan for his conquest won;
From Eden then he drives the couple hence
But Satan makes their sin a huge expense;
Thus God was forced to sacrifice his son
For every soul to Heaven must be won;
His saving grace, however, is the thing
To bring them all to where the angels sing.

He is the one of all the earth and skies
To win my heart and curb my wild desires;
But I must haste to sound some war alarms
Lest I now yield to your bewitching charms;
Adieu, fair maid! When Man heeds Christ's kind word
Then I will sheath and yield to you my sword."
Quoth Strife; he then withdrawing from the scene
Leaves Man the keen observer with the queen.

Book II.

Man realizes should he dwell in peace
He must disarm to give the world a lease
Of happiness that always will abound
Where mildness glorifies the blameless ground.
The sun is blameless for our troubles here;
The moon shines through a blameless atmosphere;
The asteroids all race in gay delights
Unmindful of and blameless for our fights;
All nature blends in Gravitation's hold—
A billion globes make up its blameless fold.

Man bending low asks: "O celestial Queen!
What can I do to change my fierce demean?
My nations seem enthralled with hot desire
To hedge each other round with steel and fire
My hosts are burdened with heart-rending grief
From this long bent I cannot find relief;
So firmly bound I am in honor's course
I fight else drink the dregs of sad remorse;
Remorse comes swift when some insulting glance
Calls for the cannon, rifle, sword or lance,
If the insulted does not quick apply
The force that starts a flood, from every eye!
Since first I saw the beaming light of day
In Eden's bowers long since far away
So many ardent hopes have gone awry,
Beneath the blue of Heaven's arching sky,
That Confidence is slow to make a date
Behind the swing of the inviting gate;
Old disappointment seems to slyly lurk
Where he can stay the glory of our work;
Yet still, ah, still! frail mortals must be brave
To stem the tide of each opposing wave.

Waves meet us on life's ever restless sea
Where all potential beings like to be.
The victories of life are never won
By those who yield before the fight is done;
The greatest triumphs oft design to come
Just as we fly to our eternal home.
Instructions from your grace I stand in need;
The world is full of selfishness and greed;
The despot powers of the Devil's race
Vie with their wiles to usurp my embrace."

The modest spirit tossed her pretty head;
In sweet expressions she replying said:

"Forgiveness gladdens all on land and seas
Much like the calm that tames the gentle breeze
Behind the storm when rainbow colors lend
Their gorgeous hues where late the lightnings send
Their forceful messengers across the sky
Unmindful of the trembling passers-by.

"Like some sweet lily whose angelic lips
Hath nectar for her demigod who sips
The honey while he breathes the sweet perfume,
That rises from the petals of the bloom,
So with the glory of exceeding grace
When kind Forgiveness clears up some disgrace;
Alas! Ah, me! fiends sometimes spoil the source—
The crystal fountain whence the honeys course.
Their victims sob like Virtue's angel said:

" 'Ere this foul deed I never suffered dread!
Pray take my life! I do not care to live!
Since I have suffered wrongs I can't forgive!
In this bedroom I never stayed alone.
Till this sad night when I am made to groan!
To each poor prisoner I've been so kind
That fear of them was far from my frail mind;
You sir I've aided much beyond the rest
But now you wring this anguish from my breast!
My manly husband cannot love me more!
My bark must founder on this fleeting shore!
No ray of hope is left! You hold me fast!
Pray make my life at once a dismal past!
This ravishment is more than I can bear!
All that is left is smothered in despair!"
The villain struck her on her pretty head
When lo! the charming spirit left her dead."

Man thus propounds this question to the dove:
"Should such base fiends receive forgiving love—
Can he who robs the lily of its sweet
Receive a harp from Heaven's mercy seat
Then chant hosannas with the angel throng
Ere he repents for such malignant wrong?"

The spirit of delight makes this reply
As from her breast she heaves an anxious sigh;

"The negative cries out in answer sir!
The sequence of vile actions is despair!
From the high plane that worthy men revere
Men drop into a state devoid of cheer
If by misdeeds the standard of the race
Is lowered by the stain of foul disgrace.

"On this great theme let us philosophize;
A lofty courage never stultifies,
It follows those true methods that we find
Made perfect by Perfection's patient mind.
Don't crucify a being on words told;
Such crosses are unseemly to behold.
Vile stories cannot bring you any good
But may destroy a peaceful neighborhood;
A crucifixion rests upon a soul
Who with base slander plays a malign roll.
Dense ignorance controls a perverse brain
That lets a flood of poison through it strain.
Derision's cruel breath doth oft derange
An ardent trust to make good friends estrange.
It never has nor can it ever be
A blessing to destroy another's glee,
When that destruction comes from any flame
Intended to pollute a being's name.
It finds its level in the putrid dell
Where the accursed of every age did dwell.
Falsehoods return to wring the author's heart
Who started out to play a dastard's part.
An untruth fails because it is a lie
But truth illumines all beneath the sky.
Truth's salutations gladden as they go
Like rushing waters ripple as they flow.
There is no mind so vulgar or so mean
That it from slander's crop can solace glean;
Nor can a soul find comfort when it draws
The blood of others in a greedy cause.

The birds on pinions fly, men fly machines,
But slanderers fly on inflated spleens;
They wear a raiment such as Satan wore
When he and his were hurled from Heaven's shore.
Why should men filch the fruits of honest fame
Or steal the garments of a worthy name?
An adulation hanging like a thorn
On some sly creature's sharp, sarcastic horn
Is like a dagger driven through the heart
Or deadly poison on a crimson dart;
If envy be the stone that whets the blade
Its victims often find the realms of shade.
A melancholy hue o'ercast the sphere
When envy's scullions froze its atmosphere.
Like Boreas who scuds his icy air
Doth scatter devastation and despair
Throughout the verdure of old mother earth,
But freshly robed in springtime's vernal birth,
So with base envy when it fills a soul
It leaves the print of Hatred's direful scroll.
Pathetic are the souls who run away
In Envy's shoes; they lead all to dismay.
When Hatred came with Satan's sable bow
His piercing arrows caused red streams to flow
On raging fields where heroes bite the dust
To satiate some ruler's vulgar lust.
Unhappy state when nations in this vale
Spend blood and treasure to make others quail
Before the chieftains who must rise or fall
Anent the ramparts of some fortress wall.
The wars for liberty were justified
But wars for conquest are base homicide.

"The law affirms that private deeds are wrong
When they disturb the quiet of the throng;
But when great nations gamble on the thread
Of life until they fill the world with dread
Their hosts declare: 'We know that it is right
For us to make the clash a bloody fight.'

"We pity those who seem to thrive on rant;
We grieve for those who say: 'I would but can't
Be decent, because decency is great;'
Men's greatness is the glory of the state!

"A hundred gracious deeds spring to each one
That causes trouble under Heaven's sun;

Yet it is from the vile exception here
That you must turn to elevate the sphere.
The good outnumbers evil ten to one.
When honesty pervades the mental sun
All errors sink as if on sinking sand;
The fruits of honor are forever grand.

"The errors of mankind have always been
The starting point for saviors to begin
Their herculean task against the throng
Who darken earth's broad canopy with wrong.
Reforms designed to elevate the whole
Immortal race, possessing each a soul,
Start at the rim and circle to the hub
Advanced at first by those who stand the rub
Of persecution, such as all have known,
Who were the first to jar the mental throne.
A foolish thought may flourish then decay
But thoughts worth while will never pass away.

"The purpose of the artist is to show;
The business of the statesman is to know;
The former portrays objects for their charm;
The latter's laws keep men from doing harm;
The first depicts the present or the past;
The last for all the future molds his cast;
They lift mankind by mountains of good cheer
Into a mellow wholesome atmosphere
That soothes the eye or satisfies the mind;
The great and glorious are always kind.
The deeds of all must pass the critic's eye
If they survive to aid the passers-by.
The object of the critics who complain
Should be to cultivate the human brain.
To criticize for criticism's sake
May prove the critic's view a sad mistake.
Wild observations tend to all degrade
Instead of lifting students from the shade.
Bad critics are most likely to perceive
The means by which they benefits receive;
Their selfish lamps illuminate reforms
That shelter self from the inclement storms.
Help by just praise else if you criticize
Prove by distinction where the trouble lies;
The vilest reprobate may make amend
And by just compensation prove your friend.

The sweetest nectar in the social urn
Is friendship's honey as a just return.
True excellence of purpose during life
Seeks to avoid the curse of bitter strife;
Some rulers on the mighty earth are found
Who emulate this trait the whole year round.
Like Sweden's monarch when he said: 'Pray go'!
To Norway's host who had designed it so,
And sought to force its will with warfare woe
If necessary to enact the blow.

"A felon's foolish folly leads his race
To drive him from Society's embrace;
However blameless his life was before
He must repine on that dejected shore
Where the corrective of an earthly law
O'erwhelms him with its penitential awe.
If his mistakes have blasted human life
By malice driving bludgeon, gun or knife,
The man-made laws demand he then shall pay
A penalty that takes men's lives away.
A heartless punishment can never bring
To earthly mortals an immortal thing.
All punishment on earth should better those
Who as law breakers facts shall so expose.
Earth's criminals might work in nature's field
Producing gardens whose strength giving yield
Would mitigate the wrongs that they have done
While in the path where wrongs so long have run;
Else they might build good highways for the race
Who trail the fertile globe from place to place.
Bright lessons also help all souls before
They pass from this to the eternal shore;
Such blessings come as guerdons fairly won
Before they soar to Heaven's golden sun.

One fatal deal may lose men all they had;
If they can't pay the world concludes them bad;
The stone of stern denial is their meed
In business circles when they favors need.

The speculator on his neighbor leans;
The ways all lose that stretch beyond their means.
Some guzzle till their reason is dethroned
Bound from the first to lose all that they owned.
If promises were like the virgin gold
A bankrupt's balance sheet would never hold

The telltale figures that encumber men
Where the commercial gamblers oft begin.
A gamble is a gamble all the time;
Against all honest methods it's a crime.
A careful calculation of the yield
Is like the frugal whose perceiving shield
Corks up the leaks and husbands everything
That starts the growth whence great possessions spring.
Don't torture mortals for refulgent gold
Or any substance that your eyes behold.
No one can loiter lest he lose the fight
To gain his living by industry's might.
All willing hands should find the task a joy
To choose their raiment and foodstuffs to cloy
The appetite that craves three times a day
Subsistence that the mighty ages sway.
Beneath the blue that realms the sky above
A being prone to toil should never prove
That suffering from want shall so disgrace
The passing members of the human race.

Good men deserve such substance as they need;
All souls deserve to know the art to read;
There's room enough that none should ever fall
No matter what the number God may call
To don the garb of life's eternal robe
On this or any planetary globe.

True happiness must play the leading part
On all the stages of the human heart;
To this high aim your members here will move
Till every one attains platonic love,
Such love is like the boundless atmosphere,
Its joy producing smiles are everywhere.

Like roses cluster on the climbing vines
Profusely as the needles on the pines
So with the gladness of the happy trend
That makes each mortal to the rest a friend.

Good thoughts are like the cereals that grow,
Or like the crystal rivers as they flow .
You must stand by the everlasting truth;
It keeps creation in immortal youth.

Men pay the penalties that must fall due
When they the methods of the mean pursue.
Old Mammon gathers with refulgent gold
Base legislators who are bought and sold ;

His silken curtains are close drawn between
To keep the shameful deals from being seen
By those who ought to know and knowing frown
On officers who do so low bow down ;
Like those sly creatures in the favored line
By legislation sought to undermine
The people for a 'Jack Pot' to divide
Between the harpies while they seek to hide;
Yet to the open came the awful tale
When every guilty gump sent up a wail;
Some cried out 'Persecution!' others vowed:
'I'm guilty! let my freedom be allowed,
Then nevermore an office will I hold!'
Ah! how could Jade or Janus be so bold?
Such Judases had better not been born
To make themselves and loved ones so forlorn.
The world some day will have an honest race
Who will direct affairs without disgrace;
Then every one will banish self from sight
When for the whole he plays his role aright.
An Eden on the globe you may attain
By cultivating sweetness of the brain.
The earth was made for an immortal race
To sail the ship through the expansive space;
It reads aright from nature's open book
The lessons written in each brilliant nook
Where rolls a sun, a world, a satellite
To guide its thoughts into the ways of right.
No matter what men do or may believe
The day-star shines, the pregnant lands receive
The scintillating rays that warm the beds
Where sprouting stamens rear their tender heads
Responsive to the call of balmy spring
They show their pleasure in the planet's swing
Upon an axis that will never bend
To suit the currents of the changing wind;
So with the Ruler of the earth and sky
He views the whole with an unerring eye;
He moves the globe with such exquisite grace
To pave the way for your persuasive race;
The foolish may deny this august truth
But that First Cause is undisturbed; in sooth
It is more constant than the vital breeze
That sweeps forever o'er the serene seas;

Alas! strange doubts have risen in the course,
Of minion brain cells to dispute the source
Whence came creation with its golden glow
That stimulates the seeds to make them grow;
Yet still, ah! still, the truth goes marching on
To keep the record of the globes that run.
Some day the finite mind will know the truth
By which the infinite sustains its youth.
Mankind may trust the glory of the light
That causes every wrong to turn to right.
One wrong alone stands forth so vile or dark
As that which wrecks an embryonic bark
Before it sets its tiny sails for earth
Thus robbing nature of a living birth;
The greater wrong was sounded on the hill
Of Sinai which says: 'Thou shalt not kill!'
And yet we find thy hosts in killing bold
Which proves the bloody story not yet told.
We see all nations in the martial drill
Preparing to augment the killing mill;
The royal bandits of your race should find
More lofty ways than murdering mankind.
If nations are like creatures let them live
Enthroned by methods that come from above .
O, Man arise! shake off the felon hold
That maketh wholesale murderers so bold.
Come, come, with all your hosts and join my force;
Let happiness mark out your future course.
Pray arm yourself with the eternal sword
Of righteousness to serve the righteous Lord.
Hoe in His fruitful vineyard day by day—
Instead of hate let love prepare the way.
Each day that ever has been has been good
Though many of your hosts have acted rude.
The elements break warm and cold at will,
The storms run wild, volcanoes burst the hill,
Yet after all the calm comes on so mild
That its soft breath is like a cooing child;
Or like a damsel whose angelic lip
Yields honey for her lover's lips to sip
While drinking the ambrosia of delight
That tends to blind the sentimental sight
Which satisfies the longings of his heart
Before he starts to play a husband's part.

"List! for my theme, as saintly savants know,
Is fit for demigods who dwell below;
Thus, thus my friend may I direct your mind
To pressing questions of a weighty kind,
As noble deeds spring from an honest heart
So honest souls do noble thoughts impart.
Anxiety our mental lamps attend
When we behold division's hurtful trend.
A patriotic party should be one!
One object should illume each royal son!
These principles embrace a deathless charm
To shield all mortals from oppression's harm.
When statesmen are enthroned both far and near,
Their words must sound a note so sweet and clear
That those at home all feel the public reins
Are held by men possessing stately brains.
A lofty being in a lofty place
May see the wiles of those in foul disgrace,
Yet, from the stain he keeps his skirts so clean
That men of letters amplify his mien.

"Led by events I, with uncovered head,
Note the high tension of Time's even tread
On which I sometimes look with squeamish awe
To note the methods of some craven daw.

"Like some official who retains the fees
Intended the school treasury to ease
In meeting the expense of public schools
Wherein the children are taught honest rules
He vowing ere his own election came
Such fees he would disdain to hold or claim
Retaining but the salary prescribed
While shunning every thought of being bribed;
A greed for gain leads those who do such things
To sail life's ship with bold piratic wings!
Far wiser are the Penguins near the polls
Than high officials with dishonest rolls.

"No law can taint men for their being poor
None seek that such conditions shall endure—
Except the indolent, neglectful drone
Who wastes the time his span of life may own.
A native honesty, whose zeal for gain
Keeps up his industry must soon attain
A high respect, no matter what the worth
Of his possessions on the mighty earth.

The rich, the poor or fairly fixed may be
Examples of life's greatest purity;
Such cultivate the grain that is worth while
Wherein immortals gain their lasting smile.
Ye gods, who don the legislative wings,
Can beautify the globe's majestic things;
Or you may guzzle at a selfish bar
Whose draughts pollute partakers near and far.
When your creators ask a thing be done,
Yours to its purpose, yours be number one
In its fulfillment; else a dismal blight
Will cloud thy vision to destroy your might.
"There's danger of disaster in delay
That heightens with the passing of each day.
Procrastination, Earth's huge thief of time
Must cease to practice old Inaction's crime!
The globe through countless ages fleetly turns;
Cream into butter leaps by dashing churns;
An hour glass keeps time with running sands
But clocks denote its pace by pointing hands;
So does the mind of man keep records clear
Throughout the length of each one's short career.
Enactments of the wise will long survive
But foolish measures can't be kept alive.
Add to the oil of gladness till it flows
In endless torrents from the legal rose
Whose rich perfume will spread from door to door
To glad the rich and satisfy the poor,
Because, like light that streameth from the sun
Each line respects the rights of everyone."

Man stood much like a statue in his place
His vision saw the light of Heaven's grace;
He raised his voice in modulations fair
As these words melted on the mellow air:

"I join your forces O Eternal Queen
Of all the blessings Heaven makes serene!
I am convinced that Strife is wholly wrong
Since hearing the harsh burden of his song.
This play just staged before my anxious eyes
Opes wide my vision to this huge surprise;
The shabby garments of my weaker side
Comes from the curse of my base homicide.
Oh! how I love the infants that we trot
Upon our knees! theirs is a wretched lot

If Mars must rule the nations on the globe
And men refuse Love's sympathetic robe!
Ah! how I long to stay this hateful thing
That bodes such dire results for their offspring!
Who is not interested in their day
Is now incompetent for them to say
What treaties shall bind as we pass along
While shaping destinies of right or wrong;
Posterity deserves the best of thought
To cleanse the world of its most horrid blot.

"A thought is like a fleet electric spark
That causes men to turn attention's hark
To its true purpose as it passes on
Beneath the searchlight of each thinking son.
If after it has run the gauntlet here
It still survives to make its meaning clear
Its charm resounds in each immortal line
To prove the thinker to have been divine;
But gossip only springs from slander's ire
Hence cannot pass through Time's exploring fire,
Whose crucibles extract the purest gold
And saves the nuggets for the gods to hold.
Deep in the gloom of Failure's direst plight
Some men like greedy vultures take delight
In picking flesh from the sad Failure's bones
Or sap his marrow till the victim groans.
When ships are wrecked they seek the salvage store
That scatters from the wreck along the shore;
Nor do they rest on Equity's broad wings
To make a fair division of the things.
Some vile attorneys ply each selfish wand
When bankruptcy o'ertakes misfortune's band;
The creditors surround the judge's chair
Where his receivers get the lion's share;
The favored barristers receive the rest
Which was the goal of their infernal quest;
Economy has not a biding place
So eager are they to reap by disgrace;
Their brazen cheeks flush not when in surprise
The creditors look on with sadden eyes
When no per cent is paid upon their bills
Yet there were thousands in the Bankrupt's tills;
Else like a jurist, as an imp of state,
Pollutes the ermine to his purse inflate

Through easy deals laid at his sly command
For his decision on disputed land—
He knowing well the judgment was a deal
Against the code made for the common weal.
What say you maiden should guide mortals when
Their high officials let the briber in?"

"Base officers (quote she) I class below
Weak criminals, when they dishonor show.
The briber and the bribed are both unclean—
Polluted by the deeds that are so mean
That charlatans refuse to be allied
With this debauch such felons long have tried;
Lost at the outset they all learn in time
That misery is born of brazen crime
Which to recount must harrow up the soul
Like those who tarry at the flowing bowl
Till bloodshot eyes bring fancies that attend
Hallucinations with a raving end.

Of officers who take an ebon fee
It must be said they court prosperity
At the great risk of an infernal name
Won by the methods of the most infame.
When men are trusted to enforce the law
Its terms must stand the vile to overawe.
The law prevails without the aid of Strife,
To keep the law exalts the greatest life.

Law is the rampart of the universe.
All acts that break the law are deeds perverse.
Good officers its lofty aims pursue;
The law gives every one his honest due.
High honor finds in law a firm ally.
All breakers of the law are honor shy.
Great honor doth the glorious employ;
On her estate is everlasting joy.

The seeds of honor men must freely sow
To reap its harvest in the fields we know;
Sweet as ambrosia are its fragrant yields
On private grounds or in the public fields;
Its fruit is flavored with good will to man;
Its wine is sweetened by Creation's plan;
Add to its growth; by it you can restore
An Eden on the sublunary shore;
In the affairs of every earthly state
Its essence makes partakers truly great;—

Great, not in shedding any being's blood
But great in making earthly creatures good."

Above her head an halo seems to swing;
Expanding in the scintillating ring;
Its circle whirls around the chieftain's head
Transfiguring his being as he said:

"The valiant must stay this slaughter age;
This fact appeals to every stately sage;
All noble deeds are on the side of right;
God calls on men to stop each bloody fight!
We have the will as writers all record
With unfeigned hope of Heaven's sweet reward.
No fears of witchcraft dims the human sight;
Such charges oft have blighted the delight
Of those inventors who could plainly see
Discoverers by ingenuity;
Such searching souls now use their mental wings
On which to bring to light progressive things.
Improvements come; in these great modern times
They blend inventive thoughts like tuneful chimes.
This planetary orb must never know
A check in progress—onward—let it flow.
The steed, the auto, ship and rushing train
Have made for Friendship an exalted reign;
They put all human beings side by side
Though scattered they appear both far and wide;
By meeting oft the races plainly see
That good acquaintance makes all men agree.
Electric forces and the use of steam
Have brought to action the inventor's dream.

A swift communion glides upon the breeze
Between the states surrounded by the seas;
By wires on land and wires in every deep
The great events are gathered while men sleep;
Clear human voices broadcast everywhere
To send out joyous news or spread despair,
Each day's swift march throughout the mighty earth
From linotype is borne to every hearth.

When war alarms in all the papers steal
The demigods and mortals quake and reel;
Strong beings weep for loved ones who may fall
While business shivers from the fearful pall.
Their economic lights make men agree
That warfare checks the restless business sea;

It clogs the flow of Life's sustaining tide
As panics lash the world on every side;
The anxious lands who do not wield the blade
Must feed the mouths where war mistakes are made.
A government in wealth can feel secure
Yet one great conflict proves it can't endure;
The heavy cost for forts, for fleets and guns
On public treasures make enormous runs;
This wherewith turned to Learning's vigil hand
Would educate all children in each land;
Besides the highways of the world we'd see
Made perfect as Earth's roadways well can be;
Their surfaces be made of bonded stone
Smooth laid to every home in every zone;
Then automobiles, wagons, hacks and shays
Would bear a happy people o'er the ways;
All souls would gladly dwell upon the earth
Till Nature's trumpet summons them to death.
The wherewith cost of war is winnowed chaff
If weighted with human lives from each land's staff;
It needs not proof to found this panting truth;
The men who fall are from the sturdy youth
Else from the blissful stage of human life
When they are torn from children and a wife.
These sturdy souls to earth are freely given
For some great aim yet they are rudely driven
From this sad sphere where sunshine rays have played
A million aeons blithely as a maid
Who picks the harp when love tunes every string
Till her dear wooer gives the diamond ring
By which he firmly vows that during life
She shall be his exclusive, wedded wife.
O, happy Peace, incinerate my soul
If I don't make your state my constant goal!"

Thus gently Peace: "I can not burn your soul
But I will put you on my living scroll.
I'll lead you from the snarl of your disgrace;
With you I'll be at every time and place,
Farewell! Farewell! keep me in constant mind
And solace you shall never cease to find."
Yet as he gazed she vanishes from sight
Then long he meditates upon the right.

Book III.

Then Man surveys high Heaven's canopy
Before he utters this soliloquy;
His mind illumined stops his seeing red
Resolving for the best he wisely said:
"Oh! why prolong this sorrow breeding trend?
It hugs barbaric methods to the end!
I'll stay the curse of murder by the state
Then every nation will become more great—
Great, not in shedding human being's blood
But great in making worldly creatures good!
Too many of my race have had no say;
When autocrats design they have their way.
O God-like statesmen! it is yours to tell
What methods shall avert the work of Hell!
Let plans be made in ever pregnant clime
That all may see the long expected time
When Peace shall reign between the sovereign lands
And nations bow to all her just demands.

"All citizens unarmed enjoy sweet peace;
Their happiness unbounded does not cease;
While others brawl they keep an even pace—
A blessing to themselves and to their race;
So with all countries that have reached the height
Whose civilizing methods stand for right,
When they disarm they take each other's hand
To aid humanity in every land.

"Some statesmen so disgrace the present times
As to sustain Mars in his shameless crimes;
That countless wealth upholds the martial drums
While education gets such meager sums;
Yet, we behold statistics of the facts
While diplomats display their senseless tacts.
When men renounce the fierceness of the boar
The world may rise on holy wings to soar
Above the clouds that frown so black to all
When heedless armies fight until they fall.

"Hark! Lo! The war, as bold Strife prophesied!
Behold him strutting in his haughty pride!
Alas! I sigh for every mother's son
As from my eyes the scalding torrents run
Increasing till they flood the sodden ground
Where neighbors weep with neighbors all around!

One fervent prayer from millions now ascend
That this huge holocaust may come to end;
Yet swiftly rushing onward, O the sight!
The battling forces all increase the fight.

"Brave Serbia is first, to feel the blow,
Her panting hosts drink from the cup of woe!
Mars sets his heel on her high heaving breast;
The muses hesitate to tell the rest!

"Next Belgium's royal forces meet the foe
Who quickly return heavy blow for blow
Back, back, she falls, contesting every field,
Each fortress holding until forced to yield;
Her devastated lands become a flame
In which her enemies are lost to shame!
Her patient forces display courage then
Becoming in the bravest fighting men;
Yet they recede, till France is overrun
To where the Marne runs flashing in the sun.
Here with her French allies they make a stand
Ne'er equaled by the arms of any land.
The German charges oft hurled back then came
With bravery that heightened their great name.
Twas here their legions have much cause to yearn
For here the bloody war has its first turn;
They were the victors on preceding fields
But here their doom the Allies firmly seals;
So many of her soldiers here were hurled
Into the shades of the eternal world
That she and her associates fall back
To where they build ramparts against attack.
At Verdun the bold Germans seek to sweep
All things before them; for long months they keep
A hot bombardment such as never came
From ordinance since Eden rose to fame.

"Meanwhile the Serbs, Roumanians and Greeks
Engage the Turks and Bulgars till deep creeks
Of steaming blood flow from their fighting lines
As Russia on the Germans makes designs;
She swift invades the dusky German lands
And drives her headlong ere her army stands
When she turns on her rampant eastern foe—
And gives the Russians one huge knock-out blow;
The Russians yield, then quickly sue for peace
Which gives the Germans a long sought release;

From arms that menace them on Russia's side—
The Russians failing those with them allied;
Germania and her allies, who were one,
Felicitate each other when she won.
The Russians scarce their arms are all laid down
Rush to decapitate their country's crown;
They bore him far away through snow and rain
Thus terminates his autocratic reign.
No tidings came of where his living ends
As Bolshevists his spirit onward sends.

"Anon anent the Alpine border lands
Italians and the Austrians take their stands
They struggle back and forth across the field
Each never willing one short foot to yield.

"In the meantime Great Britain rules the main
Save where the German submarines all gain
By sinking ships that came within the path
Where Germany's bold monarch vents his wrath;
The English also aided where and when
They note a chance the mighty war to win.

"Brave Nippon, with an anxious eye looks on
And views with furtive glances every one,
She seizes German holdings in her range
But with the real fight remains estrange.

"Germania now insults Columbia's pride
Whose anger flashes quickly o'er the tide;
She sinks two vessels of the lovely miss
Who had been christened by sweet Freedom's kiss;
Her classic spokesman heightens her great name
And wins himself an everlasting name;
Then great America with rapid pace
Speeds o'er the tides to run a war-fare race;
Insulted by the Germans she replies
'I take my place beside your foe allies.'
Columbia hoists her flag on Europe's shore
Thence-forth the central powers win no more;
With deep exploding bombs her brave marines
End the boat sinking of the submarines.
At Chateau Thierry and the Argonne
She breaks all records whence the Germans flee;
Like flying geese who seek a milder zone
When Boreas sweeps on the wilds they own;
So with the Germans when they see the might
That fair Columbia brings into the fight

They seek their land where they were fortified
Where oft the entire world they had defied.

"The raging war keeps rushing like a storm
Where heavy clouds first scatter, then reform;
Or bursting craters as volcanoes blast
Send whirling lurid nether flames that cast
A barage glow where shells burst thick and fast
As sheets of poison gas keep rushing past
Like lightning streaking through an angry cloud
Which overhangs as some appalling shroud
Where rifle shots send forth a hail of steel
And hot machine guns make long dense lines reel
As hand grenades and wildly rushing tanks
Cut their broad swaths in the mass forming ranks
'Neath airplanes thickly flying overhead,
Each dropping bombs to fill the hosts with dread,
Mid brilliant flashes of exploding fire
Of roaring cannons where men oft retire
Through day and night time booming everywhere
Makes sweet reposing sleep devoid of cheer.
A score of million troops charge, break, reform
Each corpse more raging than an angry storm,
Along the trenches for two thousand miles
That wreaths vile Strife in smirking, gloating smiles,

"Like two express trains meeting on a bend
Collide full head on crashing end to end
Each rushing at a rapid rate of speed
To gain lost time their crews believe they need,
Dispatching many passengers and crew
Who, of the cause, most of them never knew;
Some e'en survive when the great impact came
To perish when the debris bursts in flame;
As the flames rise some voices faintly moan
Yet others loudly wail their pinning down;
Still other souls survive the fate to tell
Of those who sound their own departing knell.
So with the war that lately came to end;
Pathetic are the woes that oft attend
The shell shock patients and the wounded corpse
Who yet remain on this uneasy shore.
Four weary years the war dogs howl along,
Ten million souls heed Gabriel's trumpet song!
They during future ages ne'er will come
Across the threshold of each earthly home;

Thus parent hearts can never beat with ease
Till war is driven from the lands and seas.

"And O the refugees! their dreadful plight
Appalls me! grieves me! haunts me day and night!
As mothers, children, of all age and size,
And hoary men whom Mars has ceased to prize;
All ragged, filthy, hungry, glut each road
Escaping the late flames of each abode;
Most creeping on not knowing even where
Possessing nothing but a deep despair!
O horrors! horrors! horrors! lo! such woe!
Shame on the hateful pest that makes it so!
There is no reason, justice or delight
That rouses nations to such bloody plight.

"Meanwhile behind their long receding line
The German people hunger and repine
As the world's spokesman writes in this sharp vein
'With your vain Kaiser we won't treat again!
Get rid of him at any valid cost,
Then our fair allied lands will treat you just!'
This message falling from the swift air planes
Destroys the morale of the German trains;
They have more force than all the blazing guns
To stay the torrent, gushing, bloody runs.
His God-like messages spread like the wind
As harbingers of Peace, the war to end;
His fourteen burner chandelier gives light
By which the central powers see the right.

"The Kaiser from his land now flies with dread
Then an armistice stays the flow of lead,
A celebration flashes round the world
As gladness from the earth to sky is hurled;
The people loose the pent up hopes they bore
That shook the seas and lands from shore to shore;
The earthly chant below; angels above
The sentiments of universal love.
Oh! why not cultivate this happy trend
That cruel, heartless wars may come to end?
Yet savants prophesy another war
So fierce, the beauty of all lands will mar!
Oh! let us importune Almighty God
That his supernal grace will such forbid.

"The Germans break the chains of tyranny
And build themselves a state of liberty;

They then resolve with other lands to live
On this fair globe in amity and love;
Do to all lands as she craves from each clime
Resolving war to be earth's greatest crime.
When freedom rules a state it seeks to give
A chance, on earth, for every state to live,
With happiness to sate each heart's desire
Without the push of autocratic fire.
Oppression has no place in such a state;
Its civilizing tread is always great.
Arise! arise! ye statesmen near and far
To sound the knell of unrelenting war.
One wrong arighted makes another right!
Anon the world will stop its fiercest blight.

"The laurel is the mighty hero's crown!
The olive branch is grander in renown!
Though to the hero this may give surprise
The latter is the emblem of the skies.
The hero seeks to rule the world below;
For this he strikes a fierce courageous blow;
Yet after he is gone a hostile hand
Springs up to seize the same unguarded land;
But through the reign of Life's sustaining peace
The sun, the stars and planets never cease
To send their beauty through the universe
Displaying naught that any would reverse;
They move along with such majestic grace
They gladden every eye and every place.

"The brawlers of the world have always been
Loquacious for great troubles to begin
Then from the danger zone remain afar
Yet hiss the dogs of man-debasing war;
They shout unceasing for the use of arms;
Cry 'mollycoddles' when men show peace charms;
Scream 'pussyfooter' if they meet a man
Whose courage keeps him close to Heaven's plan;
These are the demagogues who make appeal
To all the vicious passions mortals feel.
The autocrats and demagogues have been
A menace to the peaceful bent of men."
Thus saying he sank in a sweet repose
Determining that Mars he will depose.

Sweet as the rose that blushes with the dawn
Its fragrance spreading o'er the verdant lawn,

Is that dear sentiment of which I sing
While devastating cannons loudly ring
On Verdun's stage and others near and far
Resounding and detoning in the war,
Where men are blown to atoms by the score
And millions fly to the eternal shore!

No one could tell the purpose, or the cause
Of this world war; all reckons were suppose;
Some say: "Germania's ruler seeks to rule
The spacious earth and make it his foot-stool;"
But others cry: "Britannia hopes to gain
The globe as hers—especially the main;"
Still some declare: "It is in quest of trade"—
A sordid purpose, thus to wield the blade.
There's room upon this sphere for all to live
In luxury, if each will take and give;
Our mines and herds and flocks and crops so prove,
Then why not dwell in amity and love?

Our females we hold best of our great race
Because of virtue, truth, peace, love and grace;
They suffer for our wars, our greed, our lust!
O men! in actions let us be more just.
I'm proud to say: "I am too proud to fight",
Except I am forced to defend some right;
All men so bent their disputes may adjust
Upon some ground that is to each one just;
If not an arbitration court can say
What each one shall receive and each one pay;
This principle should guide both men and states
Through all the narrows of our dealing straits.
The Saviour of Mankind did all things right,
His method is to never brawl or fight.

War-fighting is the saddest earthly grin!
Stop being brutes that we may all be men!
Brute force is for the jungle, woods or fen
But has no place among wise-thinking men,
By fact or fiction or the sweetest dream
Humanity can ne'er divine a theme
In which the world may drink of more delight
Than in repairing war's pernicious blight.

Truth, in her nakedness, stands on the fields
Undaunted by the clash of arms or shields,
She keeps account of wrongs that have been done
By bludgeon, battle axe, the sword or gun;

In her just scales the good and bad she weighs
Recording all for the accounting days;
Hate scowls and snarls with autocratic air
At every thought that is to beings fair;
Unmindful of the rights to mortals given
He leads unthinking souls away from Heaven.
Close to the gate of happiness we see
Kind Peace arrayed in bright felicity;
Around the gate the angels sing each day
"This is the entrance to the happy way!"

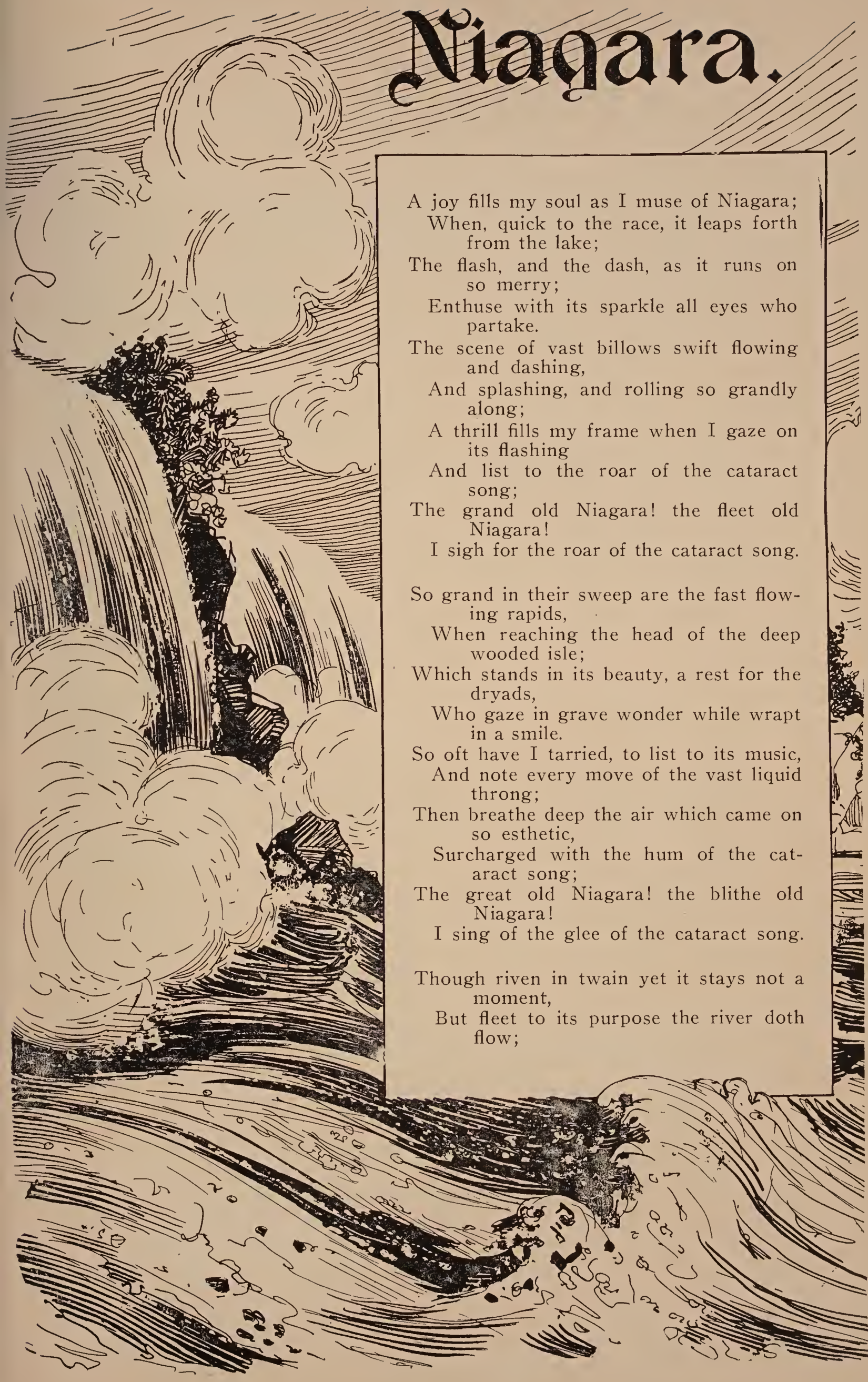
Too long the race of man has been a prey
For vicious men to steal its blood away.
Great nations stand with chip on shoulder laid
Defying all to touch the selfish maid,
Of assumed honor, born of greed perchance,
Which but to touch you feel an army's lance.
When Justice holds her scales in equipoise
And statesmen cease their rant, that so annoys,
All lands will join to do away with Strife
And give to Peace a reign of endless life.
Her triumph means the triumph for God's race!
A triumph that is void of all disgrace!
When earthly rulers shake their selfish pride
And with the cause of Peace become allied
Men will enlist in her attractive corps
To reap for aye her harvest o'er and o'er.
From seeds we sow in fields of fervent love
We garner here and where our spirits live
When we shall navigate the silver sea
To our abode for all eternity;
Throughout the years on that supernal shore
Such seed will fruit and ripen evermore
Until this earth has melted in the tide,
Of time, like snowflakes in the ocean wide
And then such seed will grow a lovely vine
Around the throne of Heaven to entwine;
Thus all the world should be in one accord
Obeying, like the universe, the word
Of Him who rules by the eternal plan
That glorifies the honesty of man.

The Finale

How soothing is the downy lap of time,
  Its gentle rock lulls every soul to sleep;
Though wracked with grief because of some dark crime
  It brings relief to those who longest weep.
The winter's blasts doth all the flowers kill
  Yet do the new buds ope with every spring
So with just souls in Time's untiring mill
  Find solace that the future ages bring.
When Man first found the avenues of sin
  From Eden's bowers he was driven thence;
Still there was sweet contentment for all men
  That they might find through stern obedience.
Close to the Dardanelles long, long since past
  The ancients fought the bloody siege of Troy;
Her lofty walls were crumbled by the blast
  That drove the Trojans from the fount of joy.
Great Caesar came to build a deathless name;
  Still others rose too numerous to tell;
They marched along the rugged roads of fame
  Across the fields where bloody torrents fell.
The sad results forever are the same
  When mortals seek to crush each other down.
Hence there is need for Peace whose deathless fame
  And glory may disperse the clouds that frown.
Oh! let me heave an ocean of sweet peace
  Into the clouds that they may rain a flood
Of essence that will cause mankind to cease
  The awful curse of shedding human blood.

[THE END]

Niagara.



A joy fills my soul as I muse of Niagara;
When, quick to the race, it leaps forth from the lake;
The flash, and the dash, as it runs on so merry;
Enthuse with its sparkle all eyes who partake.
The scene of vast billows swift flowing and dashing,
And splashing, and rolling so grandly along;
A thrill fills my frame when I gaze on its flashing
And list to the roar of the cataract song;
The grand old Niagara! the fleet old Niagara!
I sigh for the roar of the cataract song.

So grand in their sweep are the fast flowing rapids,
When reaching the head of the deep wooded isle;
Which stands in its beauty, a rest for the dryads,
Who gaze in grave wonder while wrapt in a smile.
So oft have I tarried, to list to its music,
And note every move of the vast liquid throng;
Then breathe deep the air which came on so esthetic,
Surcharged with the hum of the cataract song;
The great old Niagara! the blithe old Niagara!
I sing of the glee of the cataract song.

Though riven in twain yet it stays not a moment,
But fleet to its purpose the river doth flow;

The isle in her beauty bedecked, as a garment,
With cool shady bowers where trees ever grow.
A thrill of sweet pleasure creeps over my being
As 'cross the grand scene in rich fancy I view;
The green tints so deep with its beauty is gleaming,
While mists from the cataract fall pure as dew;
The mists of Niagara, the tears of Niagara!
I long for the mists of the cataract dew.

How fearless the river now reaches, so grandly,
The brink of the ledge ere it leaps far below;
One vast gushing plunge, full of grace so divinely,
Enthrall all its forces to join in the flow.
Now white as the snowflakes the mass of wild waters,
Pervading with force, strike the basin below;
While rising so gently, yet upward the specters
Unveil, in their beauty, the paragon glow;
The veil of Niagara! the gauze of Niagara!
I chant of the veil of the cataract glow.

The mist in its beauty, like fluffy light vapors,
Arise through the sunbeams a rainbow to form;
While during the night time the moonbeaming tapers
Touch softly the cloudlets which lend the same charm.
A pleasure most pleasing comes over one's being,
When whiling the time of the day or the eve,
Upon the old banks of the cataract seeing
These optic illusions so sweet to receive.
The rainbow Niagara! the iris Niagara!
I hum of the charm in the cataract's cleave.

So deep, the wild waters plunge into the fountain,
An urn in the earth it has made to embrace
Its force, as it sinks in the inverted mountain,
Then rising to surface with rotating grace.
Now placid, the waters assume a calm movement,
As gentle as air, after taming the storm;
Yet surging and rolling, thence on in a moment
It tears through the gorge on the whirlpool to form;
The falls of Niagara! the force of Niagara!
Lend sweetest of pleasure from magnetic charm.

Now whirling, and swirling, and surging, and rolling,
The whirlpool Niagara comes plainly to view;
Where laving, and waving, and sinking, and rising,
The waters in gladness lend pleasures anew.
'Twas here in the ages when long the vast dashing
From high standing cliffs ere the torrent had worn
The gorge to the present dear spot of its crashing
The falls for long cycles had driven and torn;
The whirlpool Niagara! the swirlpool Niagara!
Was made in its depths by the cataract lorn.

So grand in its dash is this swift flowing river,
From Erie's broad wave down to Ontario;
Its exquisite flow lends delight's fondest quiver
As along its green banks we move to and fro.
The zenith of all the wide world in its beauty,
With romantic energy moving so grand;
This liquid, in movement, is doing a duty;
In showing the force of a far greater Hand;
The plan of Niagara! the river Niagara!
Is plainly the mark of the infinite Hand.

FOND MEMORIES

While standing today where my mother sleeps
I felt the charm that so tenderly keeps
My soul most true to the lessons she told
To me, more priceless than jewels and gold;
They lend my thoughts sweetest hopes every day
And guide my steps in the well-beaten way
Made by her footfalls while she was on earth,
I hold them dearest and greatest in worth.

As my mind goes back through the lapse of time
My soul is thrilled with its magnetic chime;
I muse of the times and places I played,
When often my soul so earnestly prayed
That I prove worthy at least of the care
Which each fond parent bestowed on me there,
My thoughts like to stray to those happy days
When every betide was turned into rays
Of brightness; when shadows never befell
So dark, but her love would always dispel.

And then, when I strolled through the woodland shade,
I saw but the good in all that was made
By Him, whose guidance she taught me to heed;
In times of sweet bliss as well as in need;
Or if I wandered by Chariton's banks
My heart exulted with tenderest thanks
That I should be blessed with such parent care
And live in the charm of such atmosphere.
O, dearest of times, and brightest of days!
I think of them all with thanksgiving praise.

I love every name and love all the rules
Around the old home and even the school
Where Sadie and Lola, each with sweet looks,
With Minnie dear, to detract from my books;
And sometimes provoked the teachers would scold
But when I went home my mother would hold
Her boy to her heart when sadly I'd tell
Of lessons I failed to have fairly well;
A kiss she would give, then say so sublime
"I know my child will do better next time."

I love the good name of old Mercyville,
Now changed to Elmer, e'en more charming still;
Where my fond parents like the oak and vine
For five decades and three years, so divine
Entwined there their names, as angels regale,
Sweetly and truly as love's dearest tale;
Their beings melted as firm into one
As e'er were wed since the world was begun.
To these worthy parents six children came
And five of us lived to bless each good name,
When out in the world we left them to go
To care for ourselves, as all of us know,
We oft returned to the old village seat
To find it the same love-biding retreat;
And in coming years wherever I roam
I'll never forget my old blissful home.
All folks who came 'neath the old cottage roof
Will stand up freely and give truest proof
That ne'er any one whether rich or poor
Was turned away from that old cottage door;
Even strangers bent on private affairs
Were treated as angels sent unawares.

This kindly story of them I forsooth,
Glean from memory laid up since youth;
Thus when the Angels bore mother above
They took one who lived and lived but to love.

My mind from the past to future is led;
My love for her grows e'en though she is dead.
Dead? Nay! Not so! 'Tis madness! It is strife!
For that which seems death is starting of life.
Our thoughts go out to that faraway shore,
You ask, "Shall we see our mother no more?
Will her love and worth be lost on the main,
And we never meet that dear one again?"
No! By Yonder Light which shines from above
We all shall meet her and bask in the love
Of that Light which shines, but never perverse,—
It saves all who live in the universe!
Oh! we all shall meet our mothers I know
By a Voice which calls from that far off glow;
From our last home we never will sever
But sing God's praises ever and ever.

THE PATRIOT'S SCYTHE

"Dear Mother, let my growing scythe
Hang while I go to war;
Our country needs its young and blithe
To stay this rebel roar.

"I'll mow the lot on my return
And finish well the job;
But now I feel the soldier's yearn
Within my bosom throb!

"The nation calls for sturdy men
To put the trouble down;
Within a month our southern kin
Will cease their angry frown!

"Don't worry for your tardy son
I'll cut the grass some day;
When we have fought and proudly won
This fearsome, brawling fray."

Thus spake young Hiram at the time
He left Log Landin's place;
And went, in all his youthful prime,
To run a warfare race.

A neighbor bore this tidings then—
"Our land is called to arms!"
At once he joined a throng of men
Who left their growing farms.

Nor did he stop to change his duds
But to the front he came;
Nor even use the cleansing suds
His soul was so aflame.

High in the Balm-of-Gilead's crotch
The blade swung for a year;
Where it had worn a tiny notch
That held the sharpen shear.

Then on a furlough came the boy,
His mother's soul to cheer;
This filled her widowed heart with joy
To meet her only dear.

Again he said, "I'll mow each weed
Don't move my trusty blade;
I'll cut the stems and then I'll need
To seek this pleasant shade."

And then he left for that dark field
Where many lose the sword
That typifies the life they yield,
When lost among the horde.

His reckon of our kin was wrong;
For braver men ne'er sang,
With guns the booming musket song
Than they, when powder rang.

They were the height of chivalry
With valor on the march,
And manhood, we must all agree,
Throughout each chiliarch.

Their legions, with the Stonewall brave
And Robert on the scene,
Could wield the mighty warfare glave
As strong as e'er was seen.

It took the prowess of the land
Like Grant and Hancock bore,
With all our brave boys at command
To quell their cannon's roar.

It took the planning of the great,
With Lincoln at the helm,
To save the vast Republic state
One whole and perfect realm.

The scenes were thrilling to the core
From Vicks' to Gettysburg;
Where shells were bursting by the score
With one huge solemn dirge.

At great Antietam, with its dead
And old Cold Harbor's bar,
Were sounded knells we mortals dread!
Each left a monstrous scar!

Ten thousand shed each drop of blood
In one swift charge or sweep;
They all we number with the good
Who from each side doth sleep.

The scythe of war was reaping souls
Like sickles out the grain;
On every field the muster rolls
Let lakes of life blood drain.

A million mothers prayed that peace
Might hover o'er the land,
That each could have another lease
To grasp a loved one's hand.

From North to South this fervent prayer
Was sent on wings above;
Yet, still the fight did rage and tear
With patriotic love.

Each manly lad who wore the blue
Or donned the Dixie gray;
Was loved by mothers such as you
Who read of that sad day.

Young Hiram fills an unknown grave
Where winds chant o'er the sward,
No mortals knew where this young brave
Gave up his vital guard.

His mother mourned her long lost child,
Yet kept his solemn charge
Which fell in accents soft and mild
Upon her soul's frail barge.

The tree grew 'round the painted steel
And crowded off the sneed;
Young Johnson's terms it seemed to feel,
His will it seemed to heed.

Upon each Decoration Day
The neighbors far and near,
Brought flowers, beautiful and gay,
His mother's life to cheer.

They laid the blossoms in the shade,
While loving words were said,
Then hung great wreaths upon the blade
In honor of the dead.

The mother, pining, went away
Beyond the sullen tomb,
But on each thirtieth of May
The people strew love's bloom.

They rally on the hallowed spot
And sing the songs we love;
Then pile the blossoms each have got
For patriots above.

The tree yet hugs the mowing blade
Where it should always rest,
Like that fond parent held her babe
When he first soothed her breast.

Oh! may our ship ne'er see again
Such sorrow and such woe!
But sail, forever, on the main
Where peaceful waters flow.

THE STREAM OF LIFE

The stream of life is flowing on
Where joy with sorrow meets
To shape the end of every one
Whom its Creator greets.

In awe I muse on every wave,
That spreads from shore to shore,
And search for things we mortals gave
That were not here before.

The sun, the moon, the stars, the earth,
Preceded human kind;
Ere any creature came of birth
There was a master mind.

We use the substance that we find
Of water, land or wind;
Of light, of beauty, love or mind;
But can't an atom lend.

Development's progressive work,
In cultivation's hold,
May draw attention till each spark
Produces grain or gold.

There is a power governs all
No matter where we are;
It guides the planets great and small
And treats them on the square.

That power, wisdom doth declare,
Will never mope or nod
And it is so surpassing fair
We term the being God.

He sees our frailties; knows our aims;
  He keeps our hearts aglow;
He sends the lull that gently tames
  Our troubles here below.

We came to this attractive place
  Without our will or aid;
We hope, through His unselfish grace
  To all survive death's shade.

If any creature knew this life
  Was all that it could see
Before it joined this lowly strife
  'Twould shout: "Pray let me be!"

"O! let me learn not how to love
  A race that must descend;
Until its dismal plight must prove
  A failure in the end!"

To learn and then be brought to end
  Is gloom's most potent creed
It cannot be that man's best Friend
  Will so disperse his seed.

This stage is but a stepping stone
  To that of which we dream;
Eternity is ours to own
  We'll see its entire stream.

The Duration of Love

To Olga

On the lawns around Cupid's castle
The flowers of love are full blown;
They glorify each human title
And strengthen the life bearing zone.

The Lord gave these blossoms their fragrance;
The Angels bathe in their perfume;
Who dwelleth in their soft affiance
Abideth where Heavens illume.

An Eden, festooned with green bowers,
Aboundeth along the god's lane,
Where engaging songs while the hours
To charm with each dulcet refrain.

Woe unto the man who profanely
Doth force the bloom growers to part;
Before the time cometh divinely
When nature sends death's piercing dart.

Though they may be riven asunder
By yielding to some foolish pride
The stars may grow dim without number,
But love mates are ever allied.

God blendeth the hearts of true lovers;
An enchanting joy fills their souls;

Secure are they bound with sweet fetters
Henceforth as the future unrolls.

Eternity is love's duration;
A boundless space forms its domain;
An infinite God fans this passion
That burns in the heart of each brain.

Dear Olga, forget not that Oscar
Is thine while the æons shall fly;
He'll greet thee with each soothing whisper
The breezes shall waft from the sky.

'Tis better to love and be riven
Than never to feel its fond kiss!
'Tis better to reach the calm haven
Than miss the delight of its bliss.

THE CHILDREN

The setting sun had passed from sight;
His rays yet kept the sky aglow;
A halo from his mellow light
Spread o'er the saffron world below.

When nearing home, as swift I strode,
My glances met each hue and glare;
A bairn came tripping down the road;
To greet his papa then and there.

No guile was lingering in his breast;
No vile deceit was hiding there;
But all the charming lad possessed
Was thrown into his actions fair.

I fondly gave a round caress
And met his tender lips with mine;
I thought, the world does not possess
A treasure half so rich and fine.

Each nimble limb had lovely tips
With trunk and head so neat and trim;
His flashing eyes and tinted lips
Drew love from all who met with him.

His gentle mien, so fond and true,
Wrung from my soul most tender care;
Where'er I went I always knew
His childish love would follow there.

Ye men, who yearn for sacred truth;
List to the song I gently sing;
I would not give this happy youth
For all the wealth of every king.

True, parents feel this holy pride;
Without reserve they strive to move
The best of earth, with rapid stride,
To those dear objects of such love.

All dangers coming in the way
Of our dear ones we fight aside;
With vigil hand, by night and day,
We seek to pair all evil tide.

To care for those, our own offspring,
Awakens man to higher life;
It gives a husband just the thing
Which seals him firmly to his wife.

Of "Little Ones" I have but four;
Who came to cheer me on my way;
If what I have be less or more
I'll gladly share with them each day.

Then, when the light of day is done,
And slumbers steal upon my frame,
My parting prayer for every one
Is sent to Heaven in each name.

Could I but write, with love perforce,
And cause all mates to procreate
I'd save the land from much divorce
And bless the parties and the state.

The children fill our homes with bliss;
To sturdy members of earth's clan;
They lend a pleasing sacred kiss;
The sweetest nectar known to man.

I fain would ask this priceless boon
To fringe the path of mated life;
That childhood flowers, blooming soon,
Allay all bitter parting strife.

DON'T

Don't count your chicks before they hatch;
Don't count them, sir, I pray;
For peeping chicks may fail to scratch
In life's uncertain play.

Don't build air castles without work;
Don't build them for the heart.
For everything that comes from shirk
Is early to depart.

Don't backbite neighbors young or old;
Don't slander them, I say;
For silly stories that are told
May cause a deadly fray.

Don't go in debt beyond your means;
Remember this, my friend;
For it may cause bankruptcy scenes
To curse you to life's end.

Don't bathe in waters that are deep
Before you learn to swim;
Don't cause a living soul to weep
Or make one's trust grow dim.

Don't fret, don't harp, don't scold, don't nag;
For such things are uncouth;
Don't be an egotistic brag
But stick to living truth.

Don't violate your country's code
No matter where you are;
If laws make an unequal load
Then seek amendments fair.

AN AUTO RIDE

Did you ever take your sweetheart
For a little auto ride;
Far away among the meadows
Through the country, broad and wide?
Proud you were of your vehicle
When her fancy it would please;
While you saw the sweets of nature,
You could drink the summer breeze.

Oh! the day it was so charming,
As you spun along the lane,
And you felt the cheery welkin
You would hope to feel again;
As you drove among the forests,
In the cool refreshing shade,
When you ventured on a mission
Of sweet courtship with the maid.

First you lay your arm so gently
Round her slender, graceful form;
And you steal a bit of nectar
Just to make a greater charm;
Then the lovely creature blushing
Turns her precious pouting lip
As if aiming then to chide you,
When you take another sip.

Did you ever hear her whisper,
As the wheels so swiftly spin,
"Ah, my dear! You are a dandy
And the brightest of all men!"
Then you threw wide ope the throttle
Just to make a greater show;
When the auto in its madness
Balks! refuses then to go!

How you'd look and work and bluster
To find where the trouble lay;
While your thoughts you'd always smother
Lest you shock your darling May;
If expressed e'en in a whisper
It might vex the lovely maid;
So you tugged away in silence
For your love made you afraid.

On the top and underneath it;
On your stomach in the dust;
With keen sight and so much straining
That you felt you'd surely bust;
Oft you sat upon your bunkers
For a little rest to get,
When you'd feel the lather foaming
From the downward flowing sweat.

So, at last, when full exhausted,
Of your own inventive store;
Then you set about for helpers
To drag home the fiendish bore;
And your collar, white as snowflakes
When you met your love, so true;
Is as flabby as a dishrag
Soaked with greasy waters through.

Then the sun recedes from vision—
Passes from the azure west;
The old moon ascends triumphant
To display his silver breast,
When you reach the nearest farmyard
And you shout "hello's" alarm;
Then the bulldog comes a-howling
To protect the good old farm.

Now with wildest fright and fancy
Swift you climb the highest fence
And remain while e'en the tiller
From a meeting's coming thence;
Now imagine how the farmer
Is surprised on reaching home;
To behold such lovely creatures
Anxious for some help to come.

Then the planter takes their auto
And the young folks back to town
For a figure ten in dollars,
First before his eyes laid down;
And at two o'clock next morning,
When they struck their bed of ease
Far apart they calmly studied
O'er the things that always please.

1906.

BRINGING HOME THE COWS

In the dawn of earthly glory
Through the years when I was young,
We had pleasures by the hundreds;
Merry songs we always sung;
Oft I'd ride across the prairies
Or beneath the woodland boughs,
Just before the evening twilight
To bring home the gentle cows.

When the berries grew in clusters
On the briars near the rills,
And the apple, peach and cherry,
Decked the valleys and the hills;
Or the corn tops were all golden,
Free from cultivating plows;
They were luscious things to garner
Yet, I'd rather bring the cows.

In the autumn we went nutting
Which we gathered by the load;
Far into the woods we'd travel
Driving 'round without a road;
Now it sometimes took shrewd planning
To select the ways, and hows,
Winding through the mighty forests—
Thus I'd rather bring the cows.

Other times we went a-fishing
In the lakes and flowing brooks;
Else we'd stroll among the meadows
Plucking flowers from their nooks;
These are joyous things to follow,
When the cares of life allows;
But of all the cheerful duties
Then, I'd rather bring the cows.

When in winter we went coasting
Or went skating here and there,
With a party of the young folks
To cheer up the bracing air;
We would gather round our bonfires
Warming up 'mid urbane bows;
Those were happy things a-doing;
Yet I'd rather bring the cows.

We had merrymaking parties
Where the boys and girls would meet
At some home of genial parents
For the dear ones whom we'd greet;
O! those happy days of childhood
Our fond memory endows;
But I can't forget the gladness
Of my bringing home the cows.

O! those good old gentle bossies
How they leisurely would come;
Nipping grass and lowing glibly
As they'd near the good old home.
But on coming to the barnyard
They would raise the greatest rows,
By their bawling at the calvies;
How I loved those good old cows.

Stung

There was a pretty Buttercup
Grew on a lovelit hill;
And near her dwelt a sturdy bloom—
A gallant Daffodil.

A courtship sprang between the two
Its flame of love was fine;
The gallant said: "My darling lass,
I am your Valentine."

She sweetly said: "You've won my heart
My nectar is all thine;"
But on her lips a strange bee
Soon came to sip and dine.

When Daffo' saw his fairly belle,
Give up that sweet distill;
In rage he said: "My dainty miss
I'm not your Daffodil."

She smiling said, in meek reply,
"Oh! well, 'tis plain to see;
My love hath risen and has flown
With my fleet honey bee."

The gallant slowly homeward went
And put his love among
The relics of his long lost hopes
And said, "Oh! I've been stung."

THE END OF THE LANE

What have I done for the human swarm
Fed it on honey free from all harm
Or have I been a drone in the hive
Burdening self and those who survive?
Ah! what shall I by my acts attain
When I have reached the end of the lane?

Have I usurped some rights not my own
Made some hearts throb and many souls groan
Or have I caused poor mortals to smile
Giving them blessings truly worth while?
Which is the record here to remain
When I have reached the end of the lane?

Have I been guilty of inhuman deeds
Scattered broadcast vile, discordant seeds
Or have I prayed for others the same
Measure of gladness I sought to claim?
What will my yield be of brawn or brain
When I have reached the end of the lane?

Will nations look on me as a man
Who tried to live by high Heaven's plan
Or will I leave a record of shame
Noted for nothing worthy of name?
These pointed queries I must explain
When I have reached the end of the lane.

1916

COLUMBIA'S MISSION

I dreamed a dream the other night
When all the world was still;
I thought I saw a mellow light
Upon a lofty hill.

And from the light in beauty shone
A name for all mankind—
A beacon for the world I own
To bring it peace of mind.

I cried in ecstacy of bliss,
"Thank God for this sweet day;
When Freedom gives the world a kiss
And drives all blight away!"

For by the light an endless throng
Were marching in the glow
With banners gay, each sang a song
As onward swept the flow.

Of all the mighty hosts of earth,
Who came in full review,
Each one was void of sorrow's dearth
So charming was the view.

And then her name rose in the gleam
Above her splendid form,
With dewdrops sparkling in the beam
To lend a greater charm.

Columbia's name and presence gave
A touch of perfect joy;
For all on earth were hers to save
And in her dear employ.

The song which rang upon the breeze
Was of her mission fair;
Which sent her love o'er all the seas
For each to have a share.

JUSTICE

When each frail being sails his bark
  With justice on the deck;
Then none may ever disembark
  And leave a moral wreck.

Sweet equity cannot arise
  On vile dishonor's field;
Wrong seed, if sown in paradise,
  Would bring a direful yield.

Plain justice is but reason shown
  With all its lovely charm;
Where fairness dwells on motive's lawn
  It gives no thought of harm.

She holds the scale in equipoise,
  Where swings the perfect beam,
And does the thing which ne'er annoys
  Nor heeds the whim or dream.

Our nations are plain mortals bound
  Within a certain line;
Whose acts in ruling should abound
  With equity divine.

Upon the same vast lawful plain
  Each citizen should stand;
For such a state will sail the main
  Forever proud and grand.

The land which plies the bully's rage
  And grows by grasping might;
Will rue a dark decadent age
  And fall 'mid sorrow's blight.

And in the crash, while tumbling down,
  A dreadful toll will fall;
And all who skulk beneath her frown
  May meet a doleful pall.

When men forget another's right,
And throw all justice down,
The act reverts to dim the sight
And sear the conscience brown.

And he who burns his conscience here,
With deeds we know are wrong,
Will miss the soft voice ringing clear,
That sings life's mellow song.

They miss the glow from Heaven's gate
Which lend the eden-bliss;
Though they may tarry, yet vile hate,
Will give the venom-kiss.

And where sweet joy should ripple on
Like water in the stream,
The murk will ever rise anon
To stay each hope and dream.

The man who walks in envy's shoes,
And seeks to drag men down;
Will sip the bitter where he goes
And miss life's happy crown;

That crown which comes to each dear soul
When we of worth may prove
Will always ask to write the scroll
Which earns a brother's love;

That love avoids deeds that are wrong
It bears a loyal tongue;
It greets you through the whole life long
And keeps life's flowers young;

All those who grow the blooming vine,
Which bears rich fruit for all,
Will tread where blossoms entertwine
And fragrant petals fall.

O'er all the brilliant scenes of life
There is a gentle mien;
Which scatter blooms devoid of strife
And makes the glad serene.

Such blow arrays the joyous road
  That leads to worlds above;
They free us from the hatred load
  And lend us fondest love.

A just soft answer tames the soul
  Though rage has struck its spark;
Like lightning when the thunders roll
  Has lost all but the hark.

In all the shifting scenes of time
  Sweet justice notes the change
And makes aright in every clime
  All acts that might derange.

She dwells where gold doth much abound
  And silver fills the stone;
She flays where sloth germs fall around
  Each living moral drone.

She sows where nature tills the ground,
  And sprouts the tender stalk,
Which ripen on each dale and mound
  Where light beams softly walk.

She reaps her harvest in the fall
  And gathers in the grain;
All hail her satisfying call
  And welcome her refrain.

She trades within the goodly marts
  Where worth meets every need;
Which gratifies the longing hearts
  Who sip her honey-meed.

She courts where virtue fills the soul
  With its enchanting spell,
That feels, when wedding marches roll,
  The joys no tongue can tell;

That glee which fills extended space
  Is wafted on each breeze,
It sings for every tongue and race
  On all the lands and seas.

It sighs amid the lofty pines
  And meets the ocean's wave,
It sounds along the river lines
  Whose vespers make us crave.

All honey-dews spill o'er life's brim
  And fleetly pass away;
Like rainbows peeping through the dim
  They glint then all decay.

The sombre tomb receives its due
  Which moulders back to dust;
The spirit gets another view
  When numbered with the just.

Thus justice is a solemn thing
  For man to dwell upon;
It tolls the bell that soon will ring
  For each and every one.

For all must stand within her light
  And heed her gentle touch;
Or feel her strength with much affright
  When we fall in her clutch;

The conscience holds this priceless gem
  Which none may e'er despoil
And then regain the fair emblem
  Without much painful toil.

Should any being throw it down
  While on earth's sacred sod
And then receive the future crown
  Without the chast'ning rod?

Why should not justice fill our urn
  No matter who we be;
Though in death's crucible we burn
  To make the spirit free?

No stint doth mark creation's plan,
  In justice all is laid;
It dwells for each great race and clan
  That ever shall be made.

And not a ray or shade may move
  Beyond her well-built lines;
Each thing Jehovah's will must prove
  Without caprice or whines.

The light of Heaven shines for all;
  The earth we each may share;
Fresh drops of liquid kindly fall
  To cool the parching air.

On that vast stream where nature flows,
  Between the banks of time,
The just waves lash each way it goes
  And cleanses all from crime.

For sinning souls can never dwell
  Where justice meets the law,
Within its light no tongue may tell
  It holds a single flaw.

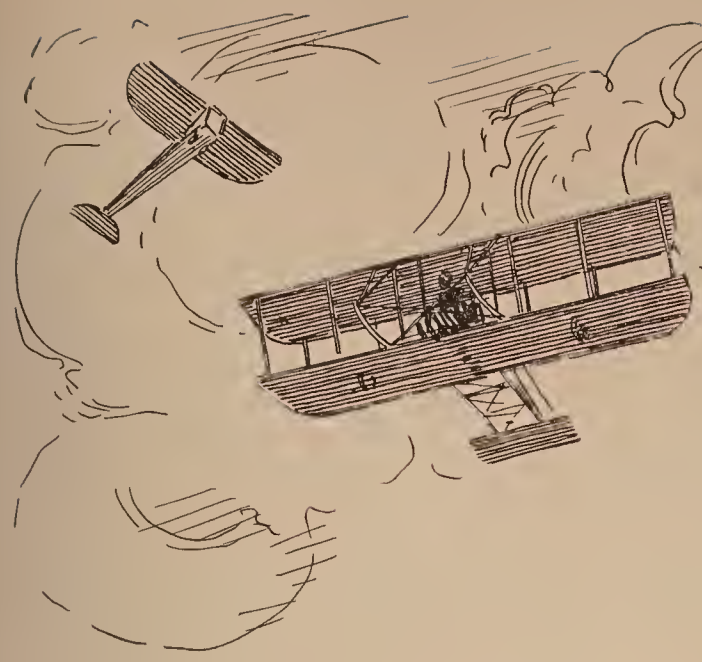
Much like the glow of early morn
  Which glorifies the sun,
Plain justice always will adorn
  The deeds of every one.

Nor is she blind; as some have taught,
  But keen to see the truth;
And fleet as reason's active thought
  She guards both age and youth.

She stands upon the temples here;
  She tames the raging storm;
She lights the way that all may cheer
  The beauty in her form.

Then when we fly to worlds unknown
  She meets us on the way,
And decks the crown that we may own
  Through that eternal day.

Her glory is the will of God
  Which pours from Heaven's brink
Upon the way that men have trod
  Or where they strive to think.



The Aviation Age

THE aviation age is here,
When like a mighty bird,
Man sails the boundless atmosphere
As all have seen or heard.

Like Angels of the Living God
Soar round the sacred throne,
So man flies where no foot hath trod
High in the pathless zone.

In flights that glorify the thing
Like eagles cleave the breeze,
The aviators ply the wing
With grace and perfect ease.

Above the clouds whence thunders hark
O'er land or bounding sea
These brave machinists ape the lark
Where all may plainly see.

The ox-cart had its wonder age
For man to haul his grain,
But now the same inventive sage
Doth use the palace train.

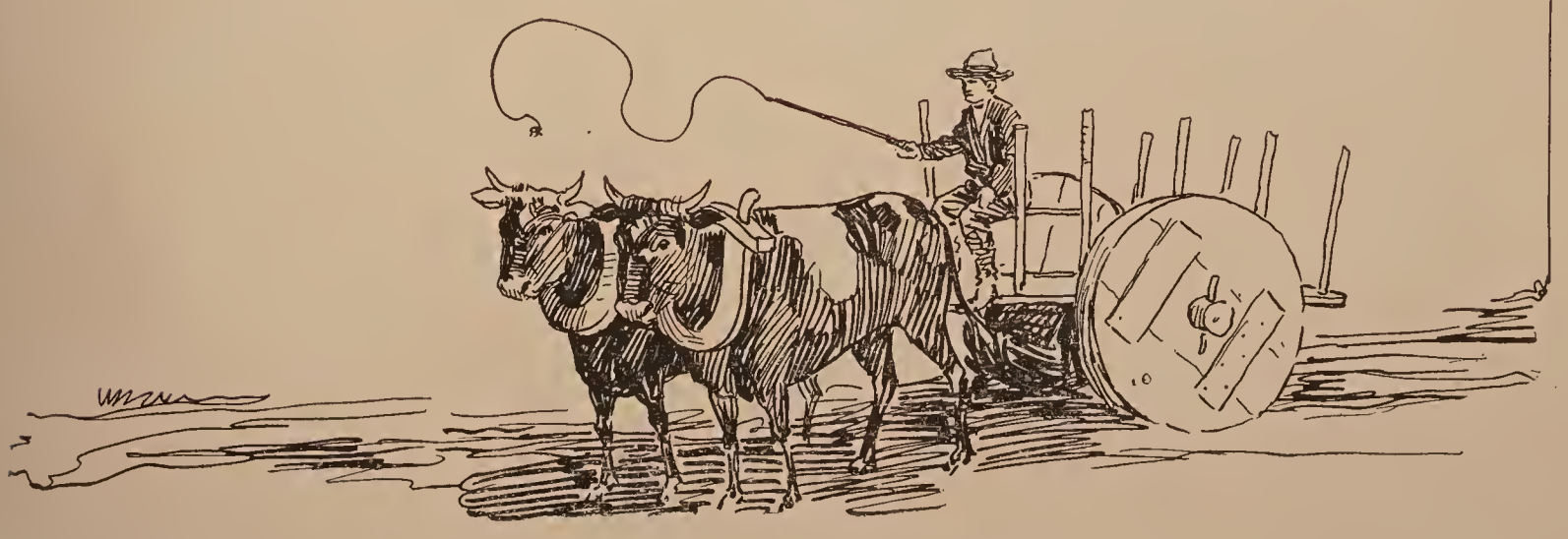
The horse and wagon had their place,
With carriages between,
But still creation kept apace
Till auto steeds were seen.

The gally boat, the white-winged ship
Once had their day and turn;
But now the steamers fleetly clip
The billows from a-stern.

O'er all, however, shall arise
The huge airship some day,
To trail the regions of the skies
For freight, for mail, for play.

Advancement's footprints we retrace,
In every useful line,
To the initiative place
Made by the Great Divine.

All principles have ever been
And shall forever be;
Thus our creative future kin
Shall learn while ages flee.



ONWARD TO EARTH'S ARMY

Let us listen to the music
That is borne upon the breeze;
From the fair Celestial Haven
In the ever-living seas;
Let us set our sails to windward
Sweeping toward that Golden Shore,
Where we'll sing the songs of gladness
With the Angels evermore.

Then forward all ye legions
Of our Captain's holy cause;
'Neath the Banner of our Saviour,
May it wave above us all;
When we reach that Sacred Altar
Set before the snow-white Throne,
May the Judge of all the ages
Claim each soldier as His own.

When we reach that restful Haven
We shall be forever blest;
By the Holy One of Zion
Whom we'll praise with fervent zest;
We shall stroll beside the river
Flowing through the fields so wide;
From the high supernal Mountains
Rippling toward the Haven's tide.

May we hope that all earth's billions
Will embark upon this sail;
May we join in one great chorus
That will banish ev'ry wail;
May we join in one grand army
Marching through the golden street;
Leading from the peaceful Haven
To our Father's mercy seat.

20782